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ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE SINGLE BATTLE FOREST RANGERS 11/1/83

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET (THAT BLUE

(TIME 3:40 PM) (DATE 11/1/83) (DAY MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers."

MUSIC: Quartet, "Ranger's Song."

ANNOUNCER: The famous Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, is maintained by the U. S. Forest Service to aid in securing for us better and more efficient use of the products from our forests. Some of the outstanding achievements of the Laboratory have been made in the development of modern building and construction methods. Eminently successful experiments have been made in prefabricated all-wood houses. Present plans include designs for architecture of many types, from conventional to modernistic. Since the current trend toward air-conditioning has added complications to construction work, the Forest Products Laboratory has investigated conditions and made many valuable discoveries in this field. Another important contribution from the Laboratory is the development of methods of heavy timber construction for maximum fire-resistance. It is results of such astounding variety and distinct utility that make this technical and scientific plant unrivaled in its field.

Well, now for our weekly trip to the Pine Cone National Forest. You will remember that last week saw the beginning of a sort of gold rush on the Pine Cone District. Dr. Davidson, a scientist from the Forest Products Laboratory, who is visiting the Pine Cone District, making some special studies, was talking to an audience of farmers gathered at the school house to hear about the control of termites. The meeting ended abruptly, however, with the news of discovery of gold on a nearby claim. After the meeting, Jim had attempted to call Tom Collins, a prospector whom he had promised to visit the next day.

(more)

Jim became worried when the prospector's telephone was reported out of order, and now we find Rnager Jim and Jerry driving late at night to the prospector's cabin.

FADE IN MOTOR RUNNING CONTINUOUS

JIM: (FADING IN) What time is it, Jerry?

JERRY: It's almost two a. m.

JIM: We're just about to Tom's place now.

JERRY: Gee, there's plenty of cars on the road tonight.

JIM: They're headin' for Pete Shank's claim.

JERRY: By golly, it's a regular gold rush. We oughta go up there.

JIM:

JIM: We'll see what's wrong at Tom's place first.

JERRY: Snucks, I don't see that there's anything to get worried about just because his telephone happens to be out of order.

JIM: I hope not.

JERRY: I'd like to see all the excitement up around Pete Shank's claim. Do you think he really struck it rich?

JIM: Don't know, Jerry -- Here's Tom's cabin, on the left.

JERRY: No lights that I can see.

JIM: You can pull up to the side of the cabin there.

MOTOR BEGINS TO SLOW THROUGH DIALOG

JERRY: Okay. Listen, Jim, how about goin' on up to Shank's after we leave here? It isn't far.

JIM: We might do that.

JERRY: Or we could keep goin' right now. It's kinda late to be wakin' up people.

JIM: No, we'll stop now that we're here.

WATER STEPS CAR DOOR SLAMS

JERRY: Tom might take a pop at us with that new rifle he got down at the post office this morning.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I reckon Tom's not so quick about shooting as he makes out.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR) Ho, Tom. Where are you?

JERRY: (SOTTO VOICE) Wait, Jim. Did you hear that?

(OFF) SOUND OF KICKING ON FLOOR

JERRY: There it is again. Sounds like somebody kicking on the floor.

JIM: Come on, let's go in.

CRASHING OF DOOR

KICKING ON FLOOR CLOSER

JERRY: What do you think...

JIM: (CALLING OUT) Hey Tom. Where are you? It's Jim Robbins.

JERRY: Wait... I got a match, Jim.

TOM: (MUMBLES)

JIM: Hurry up.

JERRY: Here you are... Look, Jim. On the floor. It's Tom.

JIM: Light a lantern while I see what's the matter. (TO TOM)

What's the matter, old man. Had an accident - something, Tom?

(WEAKLY MUMBLING) I been - robbed, Jim. Get me up. I been robbed, I tell ye.

JIM: Take it easy, Tom. Hurry with that light, Jerry.

JERRY: (FADING IN) Here you are, Jim. I'll set it on the table.

TOM: I been robbed, Jim - (MUMBLES)

JERRY: What happened, Tom? What is it?

TOM: I been robbed, I tell ye. Hurry, Jim.

JIM: Somebody slug you on the head?

TOM: Yes, sir, they did -- Oh, oh, me poor head

JIM: Take it easy, Tom. What you trying to do?

TOM: (FADING) Come give me a hand with my bunk -- so I can see have
I been -- (MOANS) Look on it. Saints above I'm a ruined man.
(MOANS)

JIM: (FADING A BIT) What's the matter, Tom?

JERRY: (FADING A BIT) What's happened?

TOM: (FADING IN) That's where I kept every bit of gold dust I
had in this world, there under my bunk. And there's not a
spot of it to be seen.

JERRY: (FADING MORE) Gee, I'd better go call the sheriff, Jim.

JIM: How'd it happen, Tom?

JERRY: (OFF) Tom, you're telephone's been pulled off the wall.

TOM: Ah, what's the good of it anyhow?

JIM: Tell me how it happened, Tom?

JERRY: (FADING IN) Is anything else gone?

TOM: Me head's as big as a punkin. Faith and he hit me a right

JIM: Do you have any idea who it was?

TOM: Ah, I dunno. There was a noise at the door, -- I wanted to
see what was there, not thinkin' any harm could come of it.
I seen nothin' so I stepped out careful like, it bein' dark
as pitch. And then he struck me the blow. And still ringin'
in me head it is. Oh-o-o-o-o

JIM: We'll drive back to town right ...

TOM: (WITH RISING INTENSITY) Wait... Wait... I've got it, Jim Robbins. Ye can save yerself the trouble... 'Tis that thick in the head I am not to be thinkin' of it at once. It's Mike Bundy is the man to see (FADING) Wait till I fetch me rifle

JIM: Take it easy, Tom. You don't know it's Mike

TOM: (OFF) Where's my gun? We'll see if I know

JERRY: Listen to reason, Tom.

TOM: (OFF) Ah, here it is. (FADE IN) When Mike Bundy gets lookin' into the business end of this, I'm after thinkin' he'll feel a mite different.

JIM: You haven't got any proof against Mike

TOM: Proof? What are ye speakin' off? If a man makes himself at your life and shoots you like a dog, would ye trust him as a brother?

JIM: If you do any shootin' with that rifle you'll be the one in jail instead of Mike

TOM: Ah, there should be a bounty on his hide. Sure but it's waste of good bullets to shoot him.

JIM: You come along with Jerry and me. Tom. We'll get the Sheriff to go with you up to Mike's place

TOM: When do we start?

JIM: You'd better get some sleep, Tom, and meet us at the station in the morning

TOM: And give the fessal a chance to make off

JIM: You couldn't do anything tonight if you wanted to. We'll get the Sheriff and have him meet you at the station tomorrow.

TOM: Ah, the head's fair split as it is. I'll do as you say, Jim.

JERRY: We'll go along with you, Tom.

JIM: I don't know about that, Jerry. We've got work to do tomorrow.

JERRY: Gosh, we've always got work to do, but

JIM: Yep. It's not our job to keep law and order outside the Forest. All we can do is to help a bit now and then.

TOM: I'll be to your station in the morning, Jim.

JIM: We'll be expectin' you, Tom.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE:

JIM: (FADING IN) How long's it been since Tom and the Sheriff left here, Jerry?

JERRY: About four hours. They should have been to Mike's place long ago.

JIM: Funny we haven't heard from them. Sheriff said he'd let us know what happened.

JERRY: Yes, he did.

BESS (FADING IN) Oh, Jim. Have you heard from the Sheriff yet?

JIM: Not yet, Bess.

BESS: I just hope they catch that Mike Bundy and put him where he can't do any more harm.

JIM: Well, Bess, we don't know that Mike's the guilty man.

BESS: You wouldn't have to know him long to guess at it.

JIM: m-m-m-m you never can tell

BESS: Oh, Dr Davidson, Phoned Jim while you and Jerry were outside a few minutes ago. He said he'll be back soon. He's going over to see about the other meeting they want him to speak at.

JERRY: He's going to talk to 'em about structural timber, isn't he?

JIM: I think so.

BESS: And the Citizen's Association of Big Bend wants him to speak at one of their meetings before he leaves. I made a note of the telephone number. It's on your desk.

JIM: Thank you, Bess. They sure are after him for talks while he's here. Hardly leave him time enough to do his own work.

JERRY: Dr. Davidson's a mighty good speaker. He talks to folks as if it was an ordinary conversation. Instead of a speech he had to make. You can't help listening to him.

JIM: I think some of the farmers around here appreciate his work quite a bit.

JERRY: They ought to. But a lot of 'em think anything that's scientific can't be practical.

JIM: I know. They forget that a lot of these practical things started out as scientific experiments first.

BESS: Well, I've got to go back to my cooking. Now don't you go away just when it's time for dinner, Jim.

JIM: I'll be right here on the spot, Bess.

BESS: You see that you are. Watch him, Jerry. It'll soon be time to eat and he'll remember something that has to be done right away.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I'll keep an eye on him, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: (FADING) I'll call you when it's ready.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well - I guess we'll have time to check these lantern slides of Dr. Davidson's before we eat, Jerry.

JERRY: (FADING A BIT) Look out the window here, Jim. Cars still headin' for Pete Shook's place.

JIM: You can't check lantern slides over there, Jerry.

JERRY: Huh? Oh. (FADE IN) I was wonderin' if we ought to go on there, Jim.

JIM: Why?

JERRY: Something might happen.

JIM: What?

JERRY: Oh, anything. There might be a disputed claim or a fight or something.

JIM: There's no use looking for trouble. We might find it. Better check the numbers of the slides against this list. (RATTLE PAPER)

JERRY: All right, Jim. What's this talk about?

JIM: All about the best kind of construction for fire-resistance.

JERRY: That ought to be of good use for the farmers around here.

JIM: Or for anybody interested in building.

JERRY: Look at this one, Jim. Number seven.

JIM: (READING) "Smooth surfaces do not ignite easily and large timbers can resist fire." Uh huh.

JERRY: Look how simple the construction is in that building.

JIM: Doesn't leave any pockets for fire to get started in.

JERRY: Those old girders look strong enough to hold anything.

JIM: You know, a heavy wooden column can hold up longer than someunprotected steel columns.

JERRY: Yeah. Here's another slide that's good. Number 20. That's a mighty thick floor

JIM: It's good fire protection

JERRY: And that diagonal floor next to the finish floor is good for bracing, isn't it?

JIM: Yep. Reduces vibration and distributes the load. What's that slide you have there?

JERRY: It's a cross section of roof construction.

JIM: Uhhuh, it's laid the same as flooring.

JERRY: No hollow spaces for fire traps in that roof.

PHONE RINGS:

JERRY: (FADING A BIT) I'll get it, Jim

RECEIVER CLICK:

JERRY: (OFF) Hello, Pine Cone Ranger Station. Hello, Sheriff. This is Jerry Quick. Did you get Mike? .. He was? Did you find out anything? .. They did, eh? That's what I thought, by golly. All right, You bet...I'll tell Jim... Yeah.... So long.

JIM: What'd the Sheriff have to say?

JERRY: (FADING IN) Mike Bundy's beat it. He's gone, Jim. The Sheriff and Tom found his place empty. And the neighbors said he pulled out early this morning, before daylight.

JIM: M-m-m-m that looks bad for Mike.

JERRY: I'll say it does. The Sheriff's already sent out a lookout warning for him. He won't get very far.

JIM: I reckon he won't. Jerry, I guess you and I'd better go up to Pete Shank's claim after all.

JERRY: No what .?

JIM: It might not be a bad idea to take a look around up there.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE:

FADE IN VOICES IN BACKGROUND:

JERRY: (FADING IN) Gosh, Jim, there's a lot of people around here. Do you suppose they all came up here to stake out a claim?

JIM: I guess most of 'em thought they did, Jerry.

JERRY: A lot of 'em are strangers.

JIM: There's Pete's tent over there. I guess. Looks like him standin' outside.

JERRY: It could be some guy like him that'd strike it rich.

JIM: He'd come down this way.

JERRY: Gee, there sure are a lot of funny lookin' people runnin' around here.

Look like they never did a days work in their lives.

JIM: Some folks have the idea that digging gold out of the ground is an easy way to get rich.

JERRY: I guess a lot of 'em'll be disappointed. -- Old Tom Collins made a little pile, all right, but he worked plenty hard for it. And then he got knocked over the head last night and lost it all, poor guy.

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: Say, do you really think Pete Shank struck gold, or do you s'pose it's just another wild story?

JIM: I s'pect it's mostly rumor, Jerry. Here comes Pete now.

SHANK: ("FADING IN") Hello there, Rangers. How's the world treatin' you today?

JERRY: How are you, Pete?

JIM: Howdy, Pete. Looks like you got company.

SHANK: Been havin' it since about midnight last night.

JERRY: How'd folks find out about your strike, Pete? We never let it out. You know that.

SHANK: Sure, I know you didn't. It happened kinda funny. I was sittin' in my tent, sackin' up some gold dust, when I hears somebody outside. I covered up what I could, but I wasn't quick enough, - see? A funny lookin' little guy stuck his head inside the tent and asked me where the main road was. Guess he was a tourist that got lost. Then he seen the gold layin' all around and his eyes dern near popped out of his head, and he beat it. Well, a little after midnight, people started coming and I knew it was out then. They been troopin' past here like a herd of cattle ever since. I hear somebody's settin' up a general store in a tent about a quarter mile down the road tomorrow.

JERRY: Gee, it's a regular Klondike rush, isn't it?

SHANK: Sure is. Wanta have a look around my diggin's?

JERRY: I'll say we do.

SHANK: It ain't exactly mine anymore.

JERRY: Did you sell it?

SHANK: Yeah. Cash deal.

JERRY: That's workin' fast.

SHANK: You bet it is. Sold it to a feller from Willow Glen.

(FADING) Come on. I'll show you what it looks like, and then we'll go up to the tent.

PAUSE COUNT 1-2-3

SHANK: (FADING IN) I ain't had time to do no more'n put up this tent here. Slept in my truck when I first come up here.

JIM: How soon are you movin' out, Pete?

SHANK: Right soon. Goin' to the coast and set myself up a good business.

JIM: Going to settle down, eh, Pete?

SHANK: Right. Ranger ... Say, I heard somebody clouted Irish Tom Collins and took all the savings he had.

JIM: You heard about it?

SHANK: Yeah, some fella stopped by here told me.

JERRY: We found him this morning, about 2 a.m. just coming to. The Sheriff went after Mike Bundy. But Mike's skipped the country.

SHANK: (FAGERLY) He has, eh? Say that's good. But . . . it sure looks bad for Mike. Kinda pins it right on him, what with him and Tom havin' a fight not long ago.

JERRY: It sure does look bad.

SHANK: Did you find anything suspicious at the cabin?

JERRY: Not a thing.

JIM: Well, I wouldn't say that, Jerry.

JERRY: Looks to me like Bundy s the only one could have done it.

SHANK: Sure does, doesn't it? What time did it happen

JERRY: We don't know that either.

JIM: I guess we'd better be movin', Jerry.

JERRY: Well, shucks, Jim.

JIM: It's a pretty good trip back to town. So long, Pete.

SHANK: Glad you come around, Rangers.

JIM: So am I.

JERRY: We'll be around again, Pete. Thanks for showin' us over your place.

SHANK: You betcher life. Any time.

JIM: I reckon we'll see you again, Pete. (FADING) So long.

JERRY: (FADING IN . . . SOTTO VOICE) Say, Jim, what's the idea of hurryin' off so fast? You acted like we were goin' to a fire.

JIM: (QUIETLY) Figured I'd better get you away from there before you told Pete Shank everything you know.

JERRY: Who, me?

JIM: Ever since the rush got started you've been out here today here. And when I take you along you ain't call up the works.

JERRY: Doggone it, Jim, I'm awfully sorry. I thought you just wanted to keep an eye on things.

JIM: I did; both eyes and both ears.

JERRY: What do you mean?

JIM: The reason we come up here today was to ask Pete Shank a few questions.

JERRY: To ask Pete questions?

JIM: That's what I meant to do. Only you beat me to the draw every time and then turned right around and told Pete everything he didn't need to know. I reckon you'd better stick to cruisin' timber and leave things like this to me.

JERRY: Gosh, Jim, I'm sorry. I ... well. Doggone it, I don't get it yet, though.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) That's all right, Jerry, forget it. Maybe we're still ahead of Pete a jump or two. I picked up this stick of wood that may be of some use to us.

JERRY: You mean you think Pete knows something about the robbery at Tom Collins's last night?

JIM: M-m-m I wouldn't say for sure. But this stick of wood I found on the end gate of Pete's truck may tell us what we want to know, Jerry.

MUSIC: FINALE:

ANNOUNCER: And we'll be on the air again next Friday to find out what Jim's up to with that stick of wood. -- Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you every Friday on the Farm and Home Hour as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the United States Forest Service.

js 9:25
5/19/37

